

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

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Our Dumb Animals.

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HELEN TAYLOR ANSWERS ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S DEFENCE OF FOX-HUNTING.

Mr. Trollope's second argument he puts in the following words:—

"Do we not know, also, that under God's hands, animals suffer pain worse than any inflicted by humanity,—the unsatisfied pangs of prolonged hunger, till death comes and releases? Does not the pike hunt the gudgeon, and the trout the minnow? Does not the fox hunt the rabbit, and the cat the mouse? Is it not God's ordinance that among animals every kind of suffering should prevail, to which the fox is subject when the hounds are after him? Is it not in compliance with instinct given by God that the hound does hunt the fox?"

And (Mr. Trollope might have added) that man hunts the fox too. We answer emphatically, Yes, it is God's ordinance; it is in compliance with an instinct given by the Creator of man, and of the hounds, and of the fox, that all these creatures, left to some of their instincts, delight in war, in cruelty, in death; above all things, delight in that sense of vigor, of power, of life, which is given by a triumphant chase of anything, alive or dead, from a butterfly up to an elephant, from a fox up to the secrets of the universe.

But are Mr. Trollope and the defenders of fox-hunting prepared to follow this reasoning to its ultimate results? Granted that fox-hunting is in pursuance of a natural instinct, common to man with the lower animals; granted that the suffering it inflicts is

not more atrocious than what takes place by the ordinance of nature; granted that the contemplation of an animal hunted to death,—hunted, that is, till it sinks from exhaustion, and then is torn alive, limb from limb, for man's pleasure,—granted that this is not more revolting to all the best instincts of man than things which take place every day beyond our power, and which surround us in this universe; our granting all this will not advance us one inch in the way to justify fox-hunting before the tribunal of man's reason and conscience. Are murder, incest, cannibalism, right, because they too all exist by God's ordinance, and in compliance with instincts given by God to dogs, to men, to wolves? * * *

If such reasoning were to be admitted, if the fact that evil exists in the world is to be accepted as an excuse for our practising it, we must renounce at once all the restraints of civilization, and no crime could ever be called wicked if any man or beast could be found to practise it, now or in past time. Dr. Watts tells us to leave barking and biting to dogs; Mr. Trollope reverses the moral, and tells us to take a lesson from the cat that hunts the mouse, the dog that hunts the fox; for well may man be envious of such pure sources of delight, and ill can he afford to drop them out of the list of his God-given pleasures! A more ludicrous parody of a special Providence was never suggested, than that his scent was given to the fox expressly to give men and dogs the pleasure of hunting him. Or it may be said that a more mournful blasphemy could never shock the ears of a believer in a beneficent Creator.

Common sense, the philosophical doctrine of human progress, and the theological dogma of the regeneration of man's nature by God's grace, are all of one accord in refusing to accept the preposterous justification for fox-hunting (or for anything else) that it is natural, and not more mischievous than a thousand other natural things. It is useless to heap up a list of the horrors and enormities, moral and physical, that go on among men and animals in a state of nature, and ask us—is fox-hunting as bad as these? Civilized man has left far behind him the code of morals of his own ancestors; and to appeal further back than even these, to the brute creation, for examples and for tests, is to stand self-condemned. * * *

In the society which is either above or below fox-hunting and field sports, the infliction of death is considered a painful and revolting sight; and if animals are not spared from death, human beings are spared the sight of its infliction when ever it is not a matter of duty to confront it; and the sense of duty, with the grave energy that accompanies it, is surely a fit-

ter association for what should be felt to be the awful spectacle of the pain and death of any living creature, than the exhilarating sense of enjoyment that must accompany a pleasant day's hunting. * * *

One of two things is clear: either that men might enjoy all the pleasures of fox-hunting without hunting foxes, or that the pleasure of fox-hunting is in the excitement of the chase. Either hunting the fox is merely an accidental way in which men have got accustomed to associate together to obtain the pleasures of society and conversation in the open air, of exercise, and of rivalry in skill and courage—pleasures which they might just as well obtain without inflicting pain on anything; or else the real pleasure of fox-hunting consists in the excitement of chasing something that is urged to try to escape from you by the strongest inducements of fear that nature is capable of feeling. Either fox-hunting is immoral, because an unnecessarily cruel way of procuring enjoyments which men might contrive to obtain in a more innocent form; or else it is in its essence cruel—that is to say, it is pleasure derived from the fact that pain is inflicted. We must distinguish here between pleasure in the very fact of inflicting pain, or in the sight of blood and torture (which it has been already admitted that few fox-hunters feel), and pleasure derived from the excitement which only the infliction of pain can produce; which excitement, the true essence of the pleasure of the chase, is again quite a distinct thing from the pleasure in conversation, fresh air, exercise, &c., accidentally associated with the hunt. It is this pleasure of the chase which I believe to be the real attraction of fox-hunting and to be demonstrably cruel in its own nature, and degrading in its effect on human character.

The love of the chase belongs to the lower, because the more selfish part of our nature. The desire to overcome, to exercise power, to domineer, to destroy, may all be turned to good purpose; and there are few enjoyments more keen than when we permit full play to the lower instincts of our nature under the guidance of our reason and conscience. * * * That the foxes would never have lived if we had not wanted to hunt them, makes no difference in the nature of the pleasure taken in hunting them—a pleasure derived from the fierce excitement of chasing a living creature under the terror of death. If we ask partisans of hunting whether a good gallop across country, in large parties assembled for the purpose, would not do as well, they say it would not be the same thing. And truly I believe it would not be the same; and it is because it would not be the same, that fox-hunting is cruel. It is the stress of the

excitement produced in the fox and the dogs by the flying for dear life and pursuing to the uttermost, that communicates the excitement to the men too; the fox may sometimes escape with life, but if he or the dogs expected it, the hunt would lose its charm. That keen spur, that stimulus, would be wanting, which the lower animal natures only derive from the great coarse primitive motives, such as hunger, terror, and the enjoyment of pursuit. * * *

It is plainly degrading to men in the stage of civilization to which they have attained in our own age and country, to seek their amusements in cultivating their crueller instincts. I do not see how we can escape from Mr. Freeman's conclusion that fox-hunting is cruel, unless we are ready to admit that it is unnecessary. If an amusement might be contrived that would combine all of pleasure that is to be found in fox-hunting without subjecting any living creature to the torture of the chase, or arousing either in men or any other animals the fierce and cruel delight of pursuit, fox-hunting is open to the objection that it inflicts useless pain. If its enjoyment consists in the excitement of the chase, then the enjoyment is in a cruel animal passion, however disguised and decorated by pleasant and innocent accessories.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ANIMALS LOVE MAN.

It is perfectly natural that man should have unfriendly feelings towards wild beasts, and that the instinct of self-preservation should lead him to destroy them. But it is shocking that useful and domestic animals should tremble and fly at his approach, or that they should suffer and perish through his cruelty. We believe, with the bishop of Châlons, that "it is a crime, and a sign of a wicked heart, to take pleasure in tormenting animals, and making them suffer. It is, indeed, unchristian."

Almost all domestic animals are naturally affectionate; they love man, become attached to him, and show their feelings in ways which are often intelligent and instructive. If, instead of training animals by cruelty and abuse, man would treat them kindly and affectionately, he would be like the monarchs of the golden age, the king of nature, adored by his subjects.—*From the French of A de Beaupré*.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

In some way or other the Lord will provide;

It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way;
And yet in His own way
"The Lord will provide."

At some time or other the Lord will provide;

It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time;
And yet in His own time
"The Lord will provide."

A "RECONSTRUCTED" CAT.

I have a cat who early developed a bad disposition. She would scratch and bite, as the old verses say, because "she delighted to." I have two dogs who were both very shy of her. Suddenly a great change came over her, and she became very gentle, affectionate, and a most devoted mother. Her kittens being in the stable she brought one through the window and laid it down at the feet of my large dog "Carlo." After a while she brought another and laid beside "Muff," a small terrier dog, seeming to feel that they would be well cared for. As she has since brought them at every opportunity, "Muff" will not leave the room, but takes charge of them during her absence. Often you will see the cat, dog and three kittens playing together in one chair. At night she regularly retires to her bed in the stable. Can you account for this sudden conversion?

M. E. H.

RICHTER, says: "A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well founded. Hearts are flowers; they remain open to the softly-falling dew, but shut up in the violent down-pour of rain."

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

Give thanks in everything!
When life is summer bright,
And all around thee seems to sing
An anthem of delight.
When thy cup runs o'er with bliss,
Let thy lips run o'er with song;
Let thy heart, an offering free, be His,
Who hath fed thee all life long.

Give thanks in everything!
In the winter and the frost,
When thy buds of hope are withering,
And thy clearest dreams are cross'd.
Let faith take up the strain,
And praise from the wrung heart flow,
For the broken spell, and the kindly pain,
That forbids its rest below.

Give thanks in everything!
Though thy portion be destroy'd,
Though the waters have fail'd from every spring,
And the storehouse of bliss is void.
Thy heart was slow to rise;
Earth was too dear to thee;
'Twas a hand of love that loos'd the ties;
Sweeter thy rest will be!

* * * * *

Give thanks in everything!
For the gift he has denied;
For the gathering clouds that make thee cling
More closely to His side;
For the parting light of morn;
For the length'ning shadows gray—
Life's evening is the dawn
Of everlasting day!

H. A. B.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—A Long Branch correspondent writes:—"The sufferings inflicted on little children by ambitious mothers, in their efforts to show them off, call loudly for the formation of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. On the occasion of a grand juvenile ball at the Continental, last week, a mite of a thing, three years old, appeared as Madame Pompadour. The poor little head was laden with false hair and powder, and the arms and neck with jewels. At 11 o'clock, bathed in tears and protesting, 'I don't want to go! I won't go!' she was bribed and threatened into a grand *entree*. The costume worn by this *petite* young lady is said to have cost four hundred dollars."

[We think that a woman who can act in this way is unworthy of the blessings of motherhood.—*Editor Liberal Christian*.]

A NEW YORK paper commends the English sparrows for the destructive war it has waged in that city against the worms and caterpillars, and adds, that it is also doing a service of the greatest value in relieving groaning nocturnal humanity from the mosquitoes. It says as soon as these pests have escaped from the stagnant pools of New Jersey and found their way to New York they fall a prey to the voracious little bird.

TOADS.—An uncommon degree of odium has been attached to toads. They have been sometimes supposed poisonous. This is a vulgar error. They are very useful in destroying insects and are capable of the knowledge of our attention and humanity. It is wanton cruelty to destroy them. In my country abode I attempted to make them a place of retirement, and called it a toadery. It is no disgrace to the Christian character to plead the cause of the harmless toad.—*Rowland Hill*.

A NICE pious old man thought his oxen laid out strength brushing away flies so he tied bricks to their tails. The plan worked well until one of the bricks struck the old man on the head. The oxen's tails are loose now.

THE way to cure our prejudices is, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.—*Locke*.

THE WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Where are these? The daily chroniclers of war give a ghastly answer to our question. Man, dressed in brief authority, doth now play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven that the very angels weep over slain and wounded. We, who compassionate all animals in suffering, would express our horror, if that could avail anything, firstly, that so many human beings are mutilated by their fellow-men; secondly, when measures of humanity are proposed to convey the sick to better hospitals than the camp provides, that paltry considerations of neutrality, or even any other, should prevent so religious a duty being promptly performed; thirdly, that no effective measures appear to be taken to destroy wounded horses—horses which have rendered perhaps the most valuable service to the soldier, and whose sufferings are equal to his, when he lies wounded and abandoned on bloody battle grounds. His claims, as well as man's, to humanity must be heard; and if it be practicable—and we are assured it is—to put an end to their sufferings when they are disabled, surely the soldier is the first man to listen to our appeal. Besides the slaughterer, who follows in the rear of civilized armies to execute this duty, it would be easy to instruct private soldiers to shoot badly-wounded horses. The societies for the protection of animals, many of whose members are now engaged in German and French armies, have petitioned their governments to give such order, and we cordially support such petition. The R. S. P. C. A. have addressed letters to the Embassies of the respective belligerents to that effect, founding their application upon the representations of M. About, and other war correspondents, who describe horses torn and lacerated, with limbs broken, enduring untold agonies for three or four days, until death puts an end to their sufferings. On march, disabled animals should be shot; and after an engagement, at least the ambulance corps might be permitted to become the messengers of mercy to these poor brutes.—*Animal World*.

THE MANAGEMENT OF OMNIBUS HORSES IN NEW YORK CITY.

There is no place in this country where so many horses are kept at regular work, and under circumstances which will admit of systematic feeding and management, or where so good an opportunity for valuable experimenting is afforded, as in the Omnibus and Railroad stables of New York city.

At the request of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, one of its members made a careful examination of the practice in these stables, the result of which examination is given below.

STAGE LINES.	No. of Animals.	Miles of daily travel.	Pounds of cut hay daily fed.	Pounds of corn meal daily.	Pounds of salt per month.	Increase of meat for severe term of traveling in winter.
Red Bird Stage Line, .	115	17	14	18	1½	3½
Spring Street Stage Line, .	105	21	14	20	4	3½
Seventh Ave. Stage Line, .	227	22	10	18½	1	2½
Eighth Avenue Railroad— Horses,	117	17	10	14	2	-
Mules,	211	17	10	7	2	-
N. Y. Consol'd Stage Co., .	335	21½	8	17	2.9	2½
Washington Stables, six livery horses,	-	-	12	7½	-	-

—*American Stock Journal*.

AMERICAN writers of children's books should give special attention to the subject of kindness to animals. Until they do we cannot do better than to recommend the series published by T. B. Smithies, in London, for sale here by Lee & Shepard.

A BAZAAR lately took place in London in aid of the "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs."

EGGS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I never come upon a nest of eggs, secreted by the hen most conscientiously, and unknown to the most searching housekeeper, without a sense of boyish delight, which would bring down on me reproving looks and grave admonition from all who have an awful sense of the proper dignity of ministers. The discovery of hidden eggs was always an excitement, and there have been times when the excitement was prolonged and extreme. It chanced in this wise, and in the goodly State of Indiana.

An old-fashioned barn there was, huge in the middle, with a variety of sheds, stables and carriage-houses, projecting on every side of it, as if the barn had settled a family of little barns all around it.

And so, one mellow autumn day, we wandered through the garden, and strolled into the barn. It was festooned with cobwebs, and had all the tribes of spiders that hide in half lights. We climbed the beams, we jumped down from far up on the hay, and finally, after sundry amusements, lay down by the side where the shrunk boards gave us an inspection-crack, from which we swept the neighborhood—saw and were unseen. Soon we heard the least possible sound of a foot on the hay. Turning our head, we beheld the productive but unprofitable hen stealing toward her secret nest. It was the one time too often. We knew as much as she did.

Is there not a providence for hens? Is there not a fate that follows the most obscure and unwatched violence?

We put the eggs safely in our coat-tail pocket, and walked cautiously. Dinner was spread as we came in. Some question came up which diverted our thought from the discovery of the nest—indeed we forgot that we had eggs about us, and drew to the table and sat down with an alacrity which was only equalled by the spring with which we got up.

"Gracious!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!"

"Are you sick? Do let—"

I drew my hand from my pocket—the secret was out! That woman was a saint! My pockets were duly cleansed, without one cutting word. I can imagine the process, but I never like to dwell upon it. Would you believe it, the same thing happened in a few weeks again? It did, and to the very same person! But never since then, no—never! From that day to this we do not remember ever to have even taken an egg from a nest.

1. When I see a man who allows himself to be pulled up and flattered, I know that his time will come when he will sit down on his eggs.

2. When I see men who are robbing, right and left, and filling their pockets with unlawful wealth which other men earned, I say, "You will sit down on those eggs yet."

3. When over-cunning men think that they can outwit all their fellows, and are exulting at the success which their shrewdness has achieved, I say to myself, "Fill your pockets! By and by you will sit down on those eggs."—*New York Ledger*.

PARROTS.—M. Paul du Chailla, in a recent lecture, gives a singular evidence of the teachableness of parrots in the wild state in Africa. One which he had taught to talk, also taught some twenty others therein by itself, and some of these, escaping, taught others in the forest, and he heard a flock of them chattering on top of a tree one day, to his astonishment.

The old code of Virginia provides that, "If a free person cruelly beat or torture any horse or other beast, whether his own or that of another, he shall be fined not exceeding fifty dollars."

The thoughtless practice of throwing broken nails and glass into the street is the cause of frequent lameness in horses, and should be stopped.

We often hate for one little reason, when there are a thousand why we should love.

NOT LOST.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes;
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear,
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes which were once pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole:
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladden all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet:
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woful way of sin:
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

—*The Argosy*.

NO SPORT IN THE DESTRUCTION OF ANIMALS.—Begin, then, at once this great work of universal humanity towards the animal creation. Seize the opportunity given to you, above all others, to cast this divine seed into the human bosom while it is tender and receptive. Inaugurate that reign of nobler feeling which has been so long promised, when the Lord has said, that nothing shall hurt or destroy in his holy mountain. And long before this benign condition of the earth is reached, let the destruction of animals for man's use cease to be called *sport*. Let there be no feeling of sport in the agonies of living creatures. Let our rising generation be taught that, when destruction of life is necessary, it shall not be attended by the unnecessary infliction of suffering. Teach them to remember that He who created all these curious and beautiful existences, cannot but be pleased with our tenderness toward them.

—*Mary Howitt*.

EARTHLY MORALITIES.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather to bring him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to bring him back to innocence and peace. No one would ever suspect that he had sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed—there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping, loving hand for her, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven.

"BELIEVE ME," said he, turning his eyes upon his friend, full of grave and tender sympathy, "you know not what is requisite for your spiritual growth, seeking, as you do, to keep your soul perpetually in the unwholesome region of remorse. It was needful for you to pass through that dark valley, but it is infinitely dangerous to linger there too long; there is poison in the atmosphere, when we sit down and brood in it, instead of girding up our loins to press onward."—*Hawthorne's Marble Faun*.

In the whole course of my life, I do not know that I ever saw a man of considerable understanding respect the understandings of others as much as he might have done for his own improvement, and as it was just that he should do.—*Sydney Smith*.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

THE TWO DOGS.

In San Francisco there are two dogs familiarly known as Black and Bruno, who are always together, and manifest the greatest fondness for each other. They are houseless and homeless, so far as ownership goes, living on what they pick up, or is given them. The crumbs from many a table are saved for the travellers, being always repaid by the gratitude they express in so many different ways.

But none so loved the dogs as the little girl Lilla, who every morning at the window watched their coming. At one time Bruno was missing, Black only coming, and it was noticed that the larger part of his food he carried away in his mouth, seeming always in great haste.

One day Lilla was on the sidewalk playing with her brothers, when they told her she must go into the house, as they were going to the mall for a game of ball. But Lilla, instead, almost involuntarily followed at a distance, but at last growing tired, sat down on the steps of a strange house, and commenced crying bitterly. Soon several persons gathered round, anxious to know who she was, and where she belonged; but in her confusion she could tell neither.

As an officer was about to carry her away, a large black dog came rushing through the crowd, and in the gentlest manner commenced licking her hands and face, and taking her sleeve as near the hand as possible, commenced pulling her along, and she, with old Black at her side, seemed quite at ease, and quietly walked on. Reaching her house he walked up the high stoop, and gave a low whine at the door, and that not being answered, he fixed his eyes on the bell-knob, and after hesitating a few seconds, raised himself on his hind feet, and taking the knob in his mouth, gave it a gentle pull, which was immediately answered, for Lilla was already missed, and a hurried search had commenced. This being done, he walked modestly down the steps and soon disappeared round the corner. The next morning when he came as usual he was treated to an extra breakfast of beefsteak and milk. The latter he ate, but the former he carried away. Lilla's brother followed to see where he went, and through the back streets, across the wharves, down a low path under a bridge in a hole dug in the earth, lay old Bruno, lame and sick; and to him Black gave the meat, watching patiently to see him eat it. The news became current, and many watched the dogs, and learned that for many weeks Black had fed Bruno, which he continued to do until he was able to travel as formerly. And I need not add that Lilla still prepares a breakfast for her favorites.

M. A. B.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED DR NATHAN IEL BOWDITCH.—A truckman had been violently beating a poor overladen horse, in order to induce him to pull a load which was too great for his strength. Dr. B., in abrupt and decided tones, ordered the driver to desist. The truckman was much superior in strength, and was at first disposed to ridicule the attempt of his inferior to restrain him. Full of indignation, Mr. B. exclaimed, "If you dare touch that horse again, and if you do not immediately go and get another to assist him, I will appeal to the law, and you shall see which of us two will conquer." The man yielded, and Mr. B. passed on!

THE MOTH.—Even the moth that eats into our clothes has something to plead for pity; for he came like us, naked into the world, and he has destroyed our garments not in malice, or wantonness, but that he may clothe himself with the same wool that we have stripped from the sheep.—*Insect Architecture*.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
—*Philip James Bailey, in "Festus"*.

CHARLESTOWN is locating drinking fountains, with four basins.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, October, 1870.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

During his recent three months' absence our Secretary has had ample opportunity to consider the prospects of our society and to look over its field of labor.

He finds the view of the field constantly widening, and the opportunities of the society limited only by its deficient means. In the future as in the past, much good work must remain undone for the want of the "one thing needful."

We know well the demands made upon the sympathies and the purses of the people in carrying on benevolent work. Studying our cause as we do, it seems to lie at the foundation of humane labor. It looks to a humane education of the people, which, once accomplished, will prevent many of the evils now apparent.

We are too apt in our efforts in this world to attack and attempt to drive out the present evil, when a better course would be to educate the heart, to cultivate the soil, so that the wheat in the field would give little room for the tares.

Encourage our work, then, not simply that animals may suffer less, but that men, women and children may learn to appreciate their better natures, make kindness a habit, and show no cruelty to any of God's creatures.

In other words, will you enable us to continue our work by an immediate contribution to our funds? Annual memberships, five and ten dollars; life memberships, fifty and one hundred dollars.

UNWILLING WITNESSES.

We are often censured for failing to procure more convictions for cruelty of various kinds.

While expressing our warmest thanks to those kind friends who have come to our support, we are compelled to say, that much of this censure belongs really to the bystanders who witness the cruelty, but are unwilling to testify in Court.

In a majority of cases reported at our office, the first request is, "do not mention me in connection with the matter, as the party is a neighbor of mine, and I don't wish to testify against him."

The whole burden of unearthing suitable evidence to warrant a prosecution is thus thrown on our agent, who finds it exceedingly difficult, and he is sometimes obliged to abandon a good case in consequence.

If a party commits an aggravated assault upon a "human" animal, "self-protection" will send a multitude of witnesses into Court if necessary, to testify, while the reverse will be the case if the assaulted party be a quadruped.

As an illustration of this we were reluctantly compelled, a short time since, either to abandon a case, (in which we secured a conviction) or to summon a well-known clergyman and his wife to testify in the Police Court.

We feel that our cause is fast growing in popular favor, but there is yet much to do in educating the people up to a proper appreciation of their duty in this respect.

TEACHERS, please read "North Easton's" article on 39th page.

CONVICTION FOR OVER-DRIVING.—INTERESTING TO STABLE-KEEPERS.

The following is a specimen of frequent cases, most of which are compromised by the offending party and the stable-keeper, and in which we have no opportunity to act:—

In August last a young man hired a mare from a stable-keeper in Boston, for an afternoon drive. From two to ten P. M. he drove her constantly, without rest. Her condition on reaching the stable was most pitiable. Her sides and back bore marks of repeated use of the whip, and her whole condition showed evidence of most brutal treatment. Her owner sent for a veterinary, at once, and in the mean time applied the best remedies at hand, but in fifteen minutes she was dead.

Deeming the case an exceedingly aggravated one, we had a *post mortem* examination of the animal made by an eminent veterinary of this city, which revealed the fact that she had been forced to such an extent as to rupture the "pericardium," or sac which encloses the heart, and also the diaphragm.

The case was immediately submitted to the Grand Jury, who found a bill, and a few days since the party was convicted in the Superior Criminal Court and sentenced to pay a fine of \$75 and costs, the same to be paid within three days, in default of which he was ordered to be imprisoned at hard labor in the House of Correction for three months.

SLAUGHTERING AT BRIGHTON.—The County Commissioners of Middlesex have recently, as a sanitary measure, restricted the manner of keeping and slaughtering animals in some of the establishments at Brighton. This is a step in the right direction, and we can but hope that their investigations may also have suggested some important reforms from the humane standpoint.

AMERICAN CLERGYMEN should read the article on next page, entitled, "Teachings of a Scottish Clergyman." Also another on 39th page; and perhaps be induced to follow such examples.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

ROBERT WOOD & Co., of Philadelphia, have sent us twenty-one designs for Drinking Fountains, costing from \$60 to \$500; the more expensive ones combining street lantern and trough.

The officers of cities and towns where fountains are about to be established, and individuals who propose to locate them for the public good can see these designs at our office.

DEATH OF HON. ASAHEL HUNTINGTON.

From the "Salem Register," we take the following notice of the death of one of our Vice-Presidents:—

The community were startled and pained on Monday, September 5, by the announcement of the death of Hon. Asahel Huntington, Clerk of the Courts for the County of Essex. As very few knew of his illness, the intelligence came with the suddenness of a surprise, and produced a sensation commensurate with the familiarity of his appearance and his numerous public services here for nearly half a century. Many will miss his genial presence and his hearty greeting in the walks of life which he frequented,—his active habits and the numerous occasions in which his talents were called into exercise having made him known to much the largest portion of the population of the city, and very widely throughout the County and the State.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The influence of education or of heart is strongly contrasted daily in the vicinity of State Street, in the action of the fruit dealer at the corner of Joy's Building, who regularly as the clock strikes twelve receives on his shoulder his friendly doves who feed securely there indifferent to the passing hundreds, and that of a dining-saloon keeper who hires boys to catch these innocent favorites in front of his saloon, to supply his table, at a cost of ten cents each.

SIX DAYS' RACE AGAINST TIME.

ROCKLAND, ME., Sept. 17. The horse which is being driven on a wager of \$100 from Belfast to Rockland and return, each day for six successive days, arrived here this morning at half-past ten. He has thirteen and a half hours to win the wager, this being the sixth day. The distance travelled each day being fifty-six miles.—*Exchange.*

While such records are before the public, is it possible to plead unanswered the cause of the speechless multitude. Probably few of the good citizens of our sister State but would cry shame upon such a useless taxing of the powers of endurance in any animal for no practical purpose, and yet we fear they do not appreciate the advantages of organized and systematized efforts for the prevention of cruelty.

We know the Society at Bangor has done much to advance the cause, but no united effort to put the whole State under the protection of a State Society has yet come to our knowledge.

The law of the State is strong, and it requires but an organized State Society to put a stop to such cruelties, and many others which still exist, and will until prevented by an active enforcement of the law.

It is only within a few days that the horrors of sheep transportation on some of the river steamers was vividly pictured to us by one of our members who had spent a month in Maine. But we need not say more; the necessity for activity and united effort is apparent. Shall the call go unanswered?

OMNIBUS AND CAR HORSES.—On our second page we publish statistics of the stage lines in New York city, showing the number of miles they travel each day and the amount of feed furnished them. We should be glad to publish similar figures in relation to our Horse Railroads and Omnibus lines, and respectfully invite proprietors to furnish them. It would give the public information in which they feel a deep interest.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED individual at his own expense, is digging a well and erecting a public drinking trough at Little Nahant.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has passed a law for the protection of animals, (see last page) We hope now to see a society formed to execute the law and shall be glad to co-operate in such work. Will N. H. papers call attention to the law?

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.—To those contemplating the erection of Drinking Fountains we would commend the latest pattern of an enlarged basin, as offering many advantages over the style now most in use.

BOSTON has twenty drinking fountains located, but needs many more.

TEACHINGS OF A SCOTTISH CLERGYMAN.

MR. EDITOR:—A few weeks since I spent a Sunday in Glasgow, and attended morning service at the famous Cathedral of that city. The minister, the Rev. Dr. Burns, preached an impressive sermon from the text, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And the laborer is worthy of his reward." Without attempting to do justice to the admirable discourse, I can perhaps report its main drift.

He said this text was often used in sermons in behalf of securing a proper support of the ministry. He should not thus use it, but take it in its literal meaning and enforce the lesson originally intended by it, and announced as the subject of his discourse the kindly consideration due from man towards animals. He said no subject, the practical development of which made men better, was foreign to proper religious instruction—and this remark would be his only apology for bringing this subject before his congregation, if any one felt an apology was needed.

He then went on to speak of God's beneficent care of the animals. He alluded to the wonderful variety of modes by which God had provided for their protection, by peculiar guards in their structure from the special dangers to which they were exposed. No one could have any knowledge of the wise provisions of the Great Creator for the protection and comfort of animals without being deeply impressed with the kind purposes of Almighty towards them.

These animals so wonderfully cared for by God, had been made subject to man. Now, when a king commits authority over any of his subjects to a governor, he has a right to expect, and certainly does expect, his wishes in reference to these subjects to be regarded. What would be thought of a governor who should habitually disregard these wishes, either maliciously or thoughtlessly. He certainly would come under the royal disapprobation, and should be reprimanded. If this is true of delegated human authority, how much stronger the case is when applied to authority delegated from the Maker of the heavens and the earth. How positively sinful cruelty towards any of God's creatures becomes viewed in this light. He then alluded to the thoughtless prevalent cruelty to animals, by those to whose care they had been entrusted. He spoke of the patient endurance of the animals in man's service, especially that of the horse. He had seen a horse panting, with bleeding sides, follow at call the voice of the one who had so cruelly spurred and taxed him; and he had often seen the affectionate eye of the dog turned up to the master who had a moment before brutally abused him. Daily he saw horses over-driven and over-burdened. Many good men seemed indifferent on this subject,—and because it was so, and because this evil was a great one, he had felt that the subject should be brought before them, and he earnestly urged that it might result in each one present practically becoming more considerate and kind toward animals, especially those domestic animals which become identified with our daily life.

The sermon was listened to with much interest by a large audience. After the service, I saw him and thanked him for his discourse, and told him it ought to be published as a campaign document. He replied that there was a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Glasgow, and at least once a year he had determined to preach a sermon in furtherance of its influence. This brings me to the practical part of this letter, which has been penned with the hope that any clergyman who may happen to read it may be moved in like manner to devote at least one sermon a year in behalf of the ends of your excellent Society.

H. S. C.

Let us be content, in work,

To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head, consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point, agrees to miss the head;
And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway head and point,"
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

THE TRUE FAITH.

[Inscribed to one who shows it by his works.]

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

I deem his faith the best
Who daily puts it into loving deeds
Done for the poor, the sorrowing, the oppressed—
For these are more than creeds;
And, though o'erblinded reason oft may err,
The heart that loves is faith's interpreter.

The schoolman's subtle skill
Wearies itself with vain philosophies
That leave the world to grope in darkness still,
Haply, from lies to lies;
But whoso doeth good with heart and might
Dwells in and is made joyful by the light.

One hand outreached to man
In helpfulness; the other clings to God;
And thus upheld he walks, through time's brief span,
In ways that Jesus trod;
Taught by His Spirit, and sustained and led,
That life, like His, by love is perfected.

Such faith, such love are thine!
Creeds may be false—at best, misunderstood;
But whoso reads the autograph divine
Of Goodness doing good
Need never err therein; come life, come death,
It copies His—the Christ of Nazareth!

—Independent.

WORLD'S CONGRESS AT ZURICH.

(Translated for Our Dumb Animals.)

THE THIRD QUESTION.—The Congress invites the societies for the protection of animals to petition their governments for laws protecting useful birds, which will forbid killing, snaring, or keeping them in cages, destroying their nests, or taking the eggs or young ones from them.

The societies ought also to spread the popular writings on birds and their utility.

You will notice that this question has not been treated in an international point of view. Mr. Kaupert, of Rolle, has, however, started it in that direction. He had noticed the considerable diminution of swallows that had taken place in certain counties; and he had read, in a Geneva newspaper of June last, the advertisement of a bird-fancier of that city, announcing that he had on hand 16,000 live quails for the use of hunters, and which he says are, with their wings clipped, just the thing with which to practise dogs. Think what terrible destruction is caused, if one single merchant, in a city so far removed from the sea, can procure 16,000 quails. In Greece, in Italy, on all the Mediterranean coasts, even in France, in the central provinces, there is a general passion for hunting birds. When the poor birds of passage arrive from Africa, after crossing the sea, they fall to the ground exhausted, especially those kinds which, like the quail, have a heavy flight; and the people have only the trouble of picking them up. The countries which suffer the most from this truly barbarous extermination are the central and northern provinces of France and Belgium, Holland, Germany, and the Scandinavian kingdoms. This is, then, really an international question, which should attract the attention of the several governments. Diplomacy is often occupied with objects of less importance to the well-being and morals of nations.

THERE is a good deal of the savage left in a man, who, under the plea of sport, can wound or kill a harmless bird or beast that cannot be made to serve his wants. It gives me pleasure to say that our party are not bloodthirsty. Ducks, plover, snipe, wild geese and sand-hill cranes are served at our table, but they are never shot in wanton sport.

—Coffin's Seat of Empire.

A WELL KNOWN lawyer in Boston had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the Milldam bridge. So he advertised him: "To be sold, for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

WOMEN AND WAR.

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a recent lecture on war made the following remarks to the ladies present: "Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others.

"Now, I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of uprooting peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. You know, or at least you might know, if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with these; but, at least, we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least inwardly, for his killed creatures. Your prayer is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you to your conscience. Let every lady in the happy classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an invasion into prettiness and I tell you again no war would last a week."

In harmony with the above sentiments, Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE makes "An appeal to Womanhood throughout the world," closing as follows:—

"In the name of womanhood and humanity, I earnestly ask that a general Congress of women, without limitation of country, may be called and held at some point deemed proper and convenient, to promote the general alliance of nations, the amicable arbitrament of difficulties, the great and enduring interests of peace."

AN AGE OF HUMANITY.

BY MAX.

This is emphatically an age of progress, of humanity. Institutions of long standing, whose existence have been a blot and a shame to the civilized world, are swept away in the march of time. Customs long prevalent, which formerly were looked upon with the favoring eye of public opinion, have at last met a deserving fate.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is truly a great work, demanding the time and attention of the noble-hearted, whole-souled men of the day.

There is one element of this public charity that is not found in any other throughout the world at the present time. It is this: persons of whatever creed in religion, politics, or other agitated questions, can unite around this as around a common altar, and swear fealty to the cause of humanity. On this question all party feelings drop, and every one join hands in co-operation. When reflecting it seems strange that the excessive abuses of cattle have for so long a time gone by unnoticed by people in general in this country, and that not until within a few years have any efforts in their behalf taken a permanent form. But as the greater part of our citizens are of an advanced sentiment, we can reasonably expect that a noble work will be accomplished through the channels now open.

CONVERSATION augments pleasure, and diminishes pain, by our having shares in either: for silent woes are greatest, as silent satisfaction least; since sometimes our pleasures would be none but for telling of it, and our grief insupportable but for participation. —Wyckherly.

LIFE is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world to read.

Children's Department.

The Catastrophe.

Hitherto this narrative has been one of pleasure. I am sorry that it cannot be so to the end. But as what I tell is the truth, I am obliged to give what may be called the shadow to my hitherto bright picture. Neither have I said anything as yet about Dunwood Park, though you may see by Jack's map that it lies exactly between the Manor Farm and Greenhays.

There they cultivated game rather than cattle and sheep, and the woods were thickly sown with cruel, so-called vermin-traps, against which good Mr. Goldilands always waged war.

The cruel traps were baited with beautiful thrushes' nests, full of lovely blue-green eggs, and set all amongst the tender mosses, and leaves, and flowers, at the root of some grand oak or bush in the quiet beauty of the woods.

But this is only one little bit of the torture, for the traps are many, and the little birds and beasts of the wood are many too, so the whole place was like a place of torture, especially in the merry spring-time, when God made every creature to rejoice.

It was a bright, breezy autumn Wednesday, and Angela and Willie were going after breakfast to Downham church with Mrs. Goldilands.

Little Brenda, seeing her mistress about to set out this fine morning, and knowing that it was not Sunday, because the church bells were not ringing, leapt about, all joy and merriment, in the prospect of a walk. But no! she could not have that indulgence. Her mistress told her so. Nevertheless she stole quietly after her, thinking that if she got into the fields a good way from home she would not have the heart to send her back.

"Go home, Brenda! you naughty little dog!" said her mistress. Brenda dropped her merry tail, and looked up ready to cry. Yes, really so! You never saw such wistful, sorrowful eyes.

"Poor little thing!" they said, "how disappointed she is!" They went on thinking no more about her, and came home in the afternoon to tea. They did not think about Brenda till tea was nearly over, and then Mrs. Goldilands wondered where she was.

At length night came on, there was no moon and it began to rain. It was very dismal. All thought now that Brenda was stolen. She was such a beauty! Some of those tramping people, with their wretched horses and carts, had caught her and carried her off.

They were forced to go to bed at last, and I suppose they slept, and it may be dreamed about her.

By six o'clock in the morning, however, one of the men who went down to the far meadow fancied he heard a faint cry in Dunwood cover, and at once thought of poor, lost Brenda. Away, therefore, he ran in the direction of the sound, which, however, was low and yelping, as from an animal nearly exhausted, and just before he reached Wildwood Hollow, at about twenty yards from the foot-path, there sure enough was the poor little animal caught by one of her delicate fore feet in a trap! She must

"Poor Little Brenda."

have been there for many hours; her leg was broken and her foot torn frightfully, and she had evidently cried till she was nearly exhausted.

Poor little thing! no wonder was it that Angela and Mrs. Goldilands wept over her, whilst Mr. Goldilands and Uncle David felt that righteous indignation which every good man must feel when he sees the small, inoffensive creatures which God has placed on the earth for some little portion of enjoyment, tortured by the cruel ingenuity of man.

Poor little dog! Perhaps disappointed of her expected pleasure, she thought to have a little privately to herself, and so trotted off a few yards into the wood, and there was caught. It may be so, but nobody knew.—*Our Four-Footed Friends.*

WISDOM is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

HE who sins against man may fear discovery, but he who sins against God is sure of it.

LIFE is half spent before we know what it is.

HE who sends the storm steers the vessel.

No man has a right to do as he pleases except when he pleases to do right.

Forgive and Forget.

I heard two little girls talking under my window. One of them said in a voice full of indignation:

"If I were in your place I'd never speak to her again. I'd be angry with her as long as I lived."

I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came.

"No, Lou," answered the other, in a sweet and gentle voice, "I wouldn't be so for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

What the Birds Said.

From "The Household."

Nelly Brown thought she heard an unusual twittering, among the branches of a large plum-tree, in the garden, one bright summer morning.

She hastily threw on her sun-bonnet, and ran down the garden walk determined to see what could be the matter.

As she came near the tree she saw way up in the branches, two little birds, who were hovering over a nest evidently much excited. Now Nelly's nurse had told her once, that birds could talk in their language just like people, so she thought, "I will creep under the tree, very softly, and listen, and see if I can't tell what the birds are talking about."

And she moved so quietly, I don't believe they saw her at all, for they kept on twittering all the while. She listened intently some time and could not make out anything, and then she fancied she could hear them talk.

"We must sing another song of praise this morning before we fly away," said Mr. Bird, "what shall it be about, my dear?"

"I hardly know," said Lady Bird, "we have so much to be thankful for; did you notice the sun when it rose this morning, I never saw it look more beautiful, and the sky, why it is so clear and blue it really invites us to soar away, let us sing of that."

And then they broke forth in a most beautiful song. Nelly could only make out a few of the words and they were very simple, but the music she thought was finer than any she had ever heard.

"We raise our voices, this morning in praise,
To our heavenly Father on high,
For giving us such a beautiful day,
Such a beautiful azure sky.

O may we never forget as we sing
Our song to our Father above,
The many blessings, that each day brings,
The many tokens of love.

There's never a shadow of pain or care,
And we are as light and free,
As the little girl with the flaxen hair,
Who comes our nest to see."

And Nelly sat neath the old plum-tree,
And thought of what she had heard,
And said, "I have learned a lesson to-day
From the talk of the little bird.

"I never more will fret and complain,
For I have a great deal more,
Then those tiny little twittering birds,
That I should be thankful for.

"And I will try and be kind and good,
And do as my parents say;
And then I know, like those merry birds,
I'll be happy every day."

A LESSON FOR TEACHERS.

Editors of "Our Dumb Animals":—

It would be difficult to measure the amount of good which "Our Dumb Animals" is doing. I have always been kind to animals, but since reading your paper, I have felt even more tenderly toward the whole brute creation. The impression has grown strong that I am moving among creatures whose rights to life and the harmless pursuit of happiness are as absolute as my own.

One day in school, I called the attention of my pupils to the terrible anguish endured by the old, lame, ill-fed, or over-burdened horse, compelled to struggle along the road under the heavy blows of his master (?) and I am sure there was a great awaking of thought among the children. And when I went on to counsel them against this useless cruelty, and but dimly referred to vivisection, I saw a look of horror, and several pairs of ears stopped with several pairs of hands. When I proceeded to tell them that it was unlawful to abuse animals, the hands went up immediately, and I was asked, "Can't a man do what he's a mind to with his own horse?"

Reading interesting parts of "Our Dumb Animals" to the school has a very good effect. I cannot tell you of great things accomplished, but I know you are working surely in the hearts of the people.

NORTH EASTON.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council," quotes the expression "Let who will write the history of a nation so that I may write its ballads," and says:

He would rather write the copies for the copy books, and that one of the first of these, should be "Cruelty to animals is a great wickedness," "or perhaps, it had better be put in a concrete than in an abstract form, and should run simply thus, "Do not tease the cats." It is astonishing how much the education of the young is neglected as regards the simplest matters of duty. They have to listen to long sermons, not one word of which, in their minds has the slightest application to themselves. I believe that the cruelty towards animals so often manifested in children, is not so much from want of thought as from the absolute want of instruction." (We would commend this last sentence to the attention of parents, pastors and teachers of the young.) Dr. Chalmers, in a sermon on cruelty to animals, says: "It is a subject on which the public do not require so much to be instructed as to be reminded; and to have their attention pointedly directed, again and again to the sufferings of poor helpless creatures." It is to be hoped that many of our clergy will follow the example of this celebrated divine, and of the Rev. Mr. Spaulding, of Hartford, who devoted his last thanksgiving-day sermon to "our duty to animals."

CRUELTY to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.—*Jones of Nayland.*

"YOU'RE a queer chicken," as the hen said when she hatched out a duck.

To ascertain the weight of a horse, put your toe under the animal's foot.

CAMBRIDGE adopts the drinking fountain with enlarged basin.

THE DEAD LAMB.

The shepherd saunters past; but why Comes with him, pace for pace, That ewe? and why, so piteously, Looks up the creature's face?— Swung in his careless hand, she sees (Poor ewe!) a dead, cold weight, The little one her soft, warm fleece So fondly cherished late. But yesterday, no happier dam Ranged o'er those pastures wide Than she, fond creature! when the lamb Was sporting by her side. It was a new-born thing; the rain Poured down all night—its bed Was drenched and cold. Morn came again, But the young lamb was dead. Yet the poor mother's fond distress Its every art had tried, To shield, with sleepless tenderness, The weak one at her side. Round it, all night, she gathered warm Her woolly limbs—her head Close curved across its feeble form; Day dawned, and it was dead. She saw it dead;—she felt, she knew It had no strength, no breath— Yet how could she conceive, poor ewe, The mystery of death? It lay before her, stiff and cold,— Yet fondly she essayed To cherish it in love's warm fold; Then restless trial made, Moving, with still reverted face, And low, complaining bleat, To entice from their damp resting-place Those little stiffening feet. All would not do, when all was tried: Love's last fond lure was vain: So quietly by its dead side, She laid her down again.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A MOUSE STORY.

A few days ago I saw a nice little cottony bunch of a nest under a bundle of corn. I knew it was that of a wood mouse, and called the boys, Nat and Dean, that I might teach the two urchins not to kill every little creature they see. Bidding them not to kill anything, I said, "Presto!" poking the cotton ball, when, to my surprise and their delight, out hopped the white-breasted and beautiful Mrs. Woodmouse, with her whole family of four infant children, clinging fast to her. She tried, in vain, to find a shelter, and looked up to us piteously, panting with fear, but unwilling to save herself by disengaging her little ones. I ordered a quick retreat, which so much frightened Mother Mouse that she gave a great leap and three of her children fell off, while she took the other little fellow in her mouth and went under another bundle of corn.

Presently we came across her again, and carefully placing a handful of bean vines over her, then putting the three lost mice in the nest, we held it near Mrs. Mouse, who was uttering a peculiar low cry. She immediately stood on her hind legs and took her children, one by one, in her mouth, out of the nest, and tucked them carefully under her. We had done by the mouse family as we would wish them to do by us, had they been strong and we little and helpless.

O. H.

"BUMBLE" was Dickens's favorite Newfoundland dog, one of the many fine specimens of that breed which he kept, and named from characters in his works.

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

—From "After the Burial," by James Russell Lowell

Stable and Farm.

MEDICINE FOR STOCK.—During the past 50 years, (says the late Dr. Geo. H. Dadd) much of the live stock of the country has been most outrageously over-doctored and over-dosed; many people supposing that by converting a sick horse's stomach into a sort of apothecary's shop and grocery store, the sooner would he get well, when the very reverse is the case. Horses and cattle require but little medicine.—*Exchange.*

STABLING CATTLE.—Many farmers are in the habit of allowing their cattle to sleep in the field or barnyard. This is a practice which we are very much opposed to, for several reasons:

But some may say, "It is unhealthy for cattle to be in the stable during the hot summer nights." We would say to such, ventilate your stables as they should be—give the pure air a free passage through them—and you will soon come to the conclusion that it is less unhealthy than allowing them to remain out, exposed to the pelting storms.—*American Stock Journal.*

An old stable-keeper in England says he has never had a bad foot on his horses since he commenced the practice of bedding on a thick layer of sawdust. Pine sawdust he finds the best, oak the worst.

SALTING COWS.—A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* says that cows should be salted every morning, and if in the stable, before foddering, but never after taking water. This is the practice of the best stock keepers in Switzerland, and he thinks much preferable to salting them once or twice a week, or to keeping it constantly within their reach.

NEW USE FOR CATS.—A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* has a new use for cats. He says: "My way to cure a sulky steer that lies down when you first yoke him, is to take a cat and let her put her paws on the end of the steer's nose, and, if necessary, hold her rather hard. My word for it, he will be on his legs quick."

TREATMENT OF HEIFERS.—We neglect our heifers. As well might we neglect our cows, as the treatment of the heifer tells upon the cow.

Shelter is one of the first things of importance to a calf. It is not accustomed to storms, and its limbs, which are tender, will suffer if it is not sheltered.

The best feed, aside from tender grass, is bran, oatmeal and milk. The feed should be regular, once or twice a day, and in small quantities, for it will not do to fatten or pamper a calf; this must be avoided.

The first year is the critical time; that passed (successfully) there is little difficulty afterwards.—*Utica Herald.*

HOW A HOG SWEATS.—Not like a horse or a man, but through his fore legs. There is a spot on each leg, just below the knee, in the form of a sieve, through this the sweat passes off, and it is necessary that this be kept open. If it get closed, as is sometimes the case, the hog will get sick. To cure him, simply open the pores. This is done by rubbing and washing with warm water.—*Rural World.*

WATER FOR ANIMALS.—For humanity's sake see well to the watering places for cattle, for in many small ponds a master cow will take her fill, and then stand up to her knees and hocks for hours, preventing the greater part of the herd from drinking. Doubtless if the origin of many diseases could be traced, they would be found to run back to the injury sustained by the constitution in suffering for want of water in hot and dry weather.—*Country Gentleman.*

PET YOUR YOUNG STOCK.—It is best to handle calves and colts as much as possible, and pet them, lead them with a halter, and caress them in various ways. Young stock managed in this way will always be docile and suffer themselves to be approached and handled, both in the pastures and in the barn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LAW.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened:

SECTION 1. Whoever overdrives, overloads, drives when overloaded, overworks, tortures, torments, deprives of necessary sustenance, cruelly beats, mutilates or cruelly kills, or causes or procures to be so overdriven, overloaded, driven when overloaded, overworked, tortured, tormented, deprived of necessary sustenance, cruelly beaten, mutilated or cruelly killed, any animal, and whoever, having the charge and custody of any animal, either as owner or otherwise, inflicts unnecessary cruelty upon the same, or unnecessarily fails to provide the same with proper food, drink, shelter or protection from the weather, shall for every such offence be punished by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECT. 2. Every owner, possessor or person having the charge or custody of any animal, who cruelly drives or works the same when unfit for labor, or cruelly abandons the same, or who carries the same, or causes the same to be carried in or upon any vehicle or otherwise, in an unnecessarily cruel or inhuman manner, or knowingly and wilfully authorizes or permits the same to be subjected to unnecessary torture, suffering or cruelty of any kind, shall be punished for every such offence in the manner provided in section one.

SECT. 3. No railroad company, in the carrying or transportation of animals, shall permit the same to be confined in cars for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours, without unloading the same for rest, water and feeding, for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented from so unloading by storm or other accidental causes. In estimating such confinement, the time during which the animals have been confined without such rest on connecting roads from which they are received, shall be included; it being the intent of this act to prohibit their continuous confinement beyond the period of twenty-eight hours, except upon contingencies hereinbefore stated. Animals so unloaded shall be properly fed, watered and sheltered during such rest by the owner or person having the custody thereof, or, in case of his default in so doing, then by the railroad company transporting the same, at the expense of said owner or person in custody thereof, and said company shall in such case have a lien upon such animals for food, care and custody furnished, and shall not be liable for any detention of such animals authorized by this act. Any company, owner or custodian of such animals, who shall fail to comply with the provisions of this section, shall for each and every such offence be liable for and forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than twenty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars: provided, however, that when animals shall be carried in cars in which they can and do have proper food, water, space and opportunity for rest, the foregoing provisions in regard to their being unloaded shall not apply.

SECT. 4. Any person found violating the laws in relation to cruelty to animals, may be arrested and held without warrant in the same manner as in case of persons found breaking the peace; and the persons making an arrest with or without warrant shall use reasonable diligence to give notice thereof to the owner of animals found in the charge or custody of the person arrested, and shall properly care and provide for such animals until the owner thereof shall take charge of the same: provided, the owner shall take charge of the same within sixty days from the date of said notice. And the person making such arrest shall have a lien on said animals for the expense of such care and provision.

SECT. 5. When complaint is made on oath or affirmation to any magistrate authorized to issue warrants in criminal cases, that the complainant believes, and has reasonable cause to believe, that the laws in relation to cruelty to animals have been or are being violated in any particular building or place, such magistrate, if satisfied there is reasonable cause for such belief, shall issue a search warrant authorizing any sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable or police officer to search such building or place; but no such search shall be made after sunset, unless specially authorized by the magistrate, upon satisfactory cause shown.

SECT. 6. In this act the word "animal" or "animals" shall be held to include all brute creatures, and the words "owner," "person" and "whoever," shall be held to include corporations as well as individuals; and the knowledge and acts of agents and persons employed by corporations in regard to animals transported, owned or employed by, or in the custody of, such corporations, shall be held to be the acts and knowledge of such corporations.

SECT. 7. It shall be the duty of all sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and police officers to prosecute all violations of this act which shall come to their notice or knowledge.

SECT. 8. This act shall take effect upon its passage. [Approved, July 1, 1870.]

THE mosquitoes are so plenty in the Adirondacks that they can't all get on a stranger at once, so they stand around in reliefs and await for their turns, like customers in a barber shop. They exhaust a man in three days, and then let him alone, like a deserted oil well, to accumulate more blood.

INQUIETUDES of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all your inclinations and passions, the winds and tide that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.—King James.

FAITHFUL TRAY.

Once blithe as the lark, I arose in the morn,
From the fold to the meadow conducted my flock;
But ah! inundation soon left me forlorn,
And law, ruthless law seized the rest of my stock;
My wife fell a victim to sorrow—My son,
By villains to battle was tempted away;
My friends turned their backs on me, all except one,
And he was a rough one—my poor shaggy Tray!

Now through the wide world as I wander for bread,
My friend, my companion is still at my side,
Makes a warm hairy pillow at night for my head,
And is pleased with his master a crust to divide.
Nor shall I forget how his love was expressed,
As weary, benighted, and frozen I lay,
When with tenderest caution he crept to my breast,
And saved life from ebbing—my poor faithful Tray!

—From old English Memoranda.

RUBBER FOR STREET CAR PROPULSION.

The application of Rubber as a motive power is thus described by the N. O. "Republican."

Mr. Solomon Jones, of this city, after a long series of experiments, discovered that the Para rubber was capable of stretching ten feet for every one of its ordinary length, and that the retractile power was enormous.

For street cars two bands of the rubber, two and a half inches in diameter and fifty-six feet in length each, will be used.

Each piece will be attached to a separate drum, and as the stretch of the rubber will be ten feet for one, 560 feet will be run off the drum before it becomes necessary to use its fellow-drum. In running off this 560 feet, a distance of over two miles will be traversed by the cars; the other drum is then called into requisition, and the exhausted drum is wound up by the same leverage which the conductor uses to stop and control the car. The present cost of running a street railroad car is over \$3,000 a year, independent of the mules required for it, whose value must be between six and eight hundred dollars.

With the new arrangement, the cars are put in running order, at an expense of about \$550 a car, and have, while running, only the \$50 a month to pay the conductor. The rubber will certainly last as long as the car will run, and the machinery it moves is not calculated to wear out fast. The fact that the rubber will last is amply illustrated by the present rubber springs used for cars.

A COMPOSITION.

The effect of a humane education for children finds strong evidence in the following composition, by a girl of fourteen years, in one of the public schools of a neighboring town:—

THE HORSE.—What a noble creature is the horse; how strong he is and yet so gentle; what mischief he might do with those giant limbs of his if he were so disposed, yet he is harmless and quiet, and shows no ill-temper, though idle boys and cruel men sometimes ill-use him. And how willing he is to work for his master. With what good-will he draws the load, and how resolutely he bends, moves forward, and tugs to move the heavy burden behind him. How well he appears to understand the will of his driver, and how readily he obeys every signal of the whip and every word spoken to him. He seems to delight in serving man, and in doing that hard work for him which man is not able to do for himself. Surely so willing and useful a servant deserves the kindest treatment; and it is a shame and a sin to repay his efforts with ill-usage, or to tax his powers beyond that strength which he is so willing to exert to the utmost.

A WATCHMAN in a mill at Perryville has made friends with a large rat and his numerous family. At the midnight lunch hour the watchmen gives a light rap on the wall, which brings out the rats to share his hospitality, and after finishing their meal, the pets play around their benefactor "in the most sportive, trusting manner."

"LET us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water on seeing a boy take up a stone.

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